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Category: Poetry

My Greatest Enemy

My greatest enemy comes to me through my surroundings.

He comes through changes in my surroundings.

He exploits changes in my surroundings.

He exploits updates in the screens and the natural danger of my surroundings

He crawls through my skin to give it bumps like a goose.

He makes me pray that the things he's showing me will stop.

He comes when I hear about recent political happenings.

He comes when I read a Wikipedia plot summary of 1984

and compare it to recent political happenings.

I make a Big Brother joke,

and so he whispers in my ear, "it isn't a joke,"

and it makes me shudder.

He comes when I practice at the Westwood parking lot,

when I am at the wheel at a turn in the parking lot.

He warns me that I can't turn smoothly without being an inch into another lane.

He tells me it's safer to turn quickly and rigidly.

He prevents me from even beginning to put something on paper

in a Dual Enrollment project that I have an approaching deadline for

because he says I need to do more research.

He comes to me through this poem.

He tells me the poem can't be a metaphor for an abstract emotion.

He tells me it doesn't follow the instructions.

He says a "Who Poem" can be about a person only.

He says I should reveal his identity and ruin the subtlety at the end,

because he says my classmates won't understand what I'm talking about if I don't.

He lives in my mind.

He lives in the part of my mind where anything is possible.

He lives in the part of my mind where theories lie.

He lives in the part of my mind where crossovers,

ranging from between Star Wars and Avengers,

to between Boss Baby and Mission Impossible lie.

He shares with all of this amazing entertainment this part of my mind.

The only defense I have against him is against his greatest trick.

He may some day try to tell me that I am not good enough,

but I know that I am good enough.

He comes to everyone.

He has come to you,

I know it to be true.

Don't let him torture you.